MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOSEPH RANKIN

MARCH 25, 1886

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOSEPH RANKIN,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM WISCONSIN,)

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1886.

JOINT RESOLUTION for the printing of certain eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Joseph Rankin.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Joseph Rankin, a Representative in the Forty-ninth Congress from the State of Wisconsin, twelve thousand five hundred copies, of which three thousand shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand five hundred for the use of the House of Representatives. And the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said Joseph Rankin to accompany said eulogies; and for the purpose of engraving or printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, July 8, 1886.

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

DEATH OF JOSEPH RANKIN.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 25, 1886.

Mr. BRAGG. Mr. Speaker, the painful duty devolves upon me to announce to this House the death of my friend and colleague JOSEPH RANKIN, a Representative from the State of Wisconsin, who died on yesterday, at his residence, at 2 o'clock p. m. I shall not detain the House at this time with any remarks upon his memory, but at some future time will ask the consideration of the House. At present I submit the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, late a Representative of the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring*), That a special joint committee of seven members of the House of Representatives and three members of the Senate be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to Manitowoc, Wis.; and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. Before declaring the result of the vote the Chair will announce the following as the committee on the part of the House:

Mr. BRAGG of Wisconsin, Mr. VAN SCHAICK of Wisconsin, Mr. STEPHENSON of Wisconsin, Mr. GUENTHER of Wisconsin, Mr. CARLETON of Michigan, Mr. HENDERSON of Illinois, and Mr. JOHNSON of New York.

The result of the vote was announced as above stated; and accordingly the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

March 25, 1886.

Mr. BRAGG. Mr. Speaker, two months since I announced to this House the death of my colleague, JOSEPH RANKIN, late a Representative from the State of Wisconsin. I then stated that at some future time I would invite the attention of the House to the consideration of resolutions in respect to his memory, and asked that a time be fixed when his associates and friends could speak of his virtues as a citizen and a legislator. That time, sir, has now arrived under an order of this House, and I send to the Clerk's desk resolutions which I ask to have read and considered.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of this House be suspended that suitable honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, late a Representative from the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. RANKIN the country has sustained the loss of a safe legislator, a patriotic citizen, and an able and faithful public servant.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to his memory the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF JOSEPH RANKIN,

DELIVERED IN THE TWO HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

Address of Mr. BRAGG, of Wisconsin.

Mr. Speaker, the House is convened under special order as a mark of respect to the memory of my deceased colleague, the late Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, a Representative from the fifth district in the State of Wisconsin, and to permit his friends and associates in this body to pay their tribute to his character as legislator, soldier, citizen, husband, father, and friend. Those who knew him best esteemed him most.

He was a native of New Jersey, born at Passaic September 25, 1833, but in his childhood was removed to New York, and was educated at the Homer Academy in Cortland County, then justly celebrated for the thoroughness of its teaching and the impress of manhood it stamped upon the character of its students.

In his earliest manhood he determined to cast his fortune and fate with the then young and growing West, and settled in Wisconsin in 1854, and from that time until his death he remained a citizen of that State, identified with its interests and legislation, and became a thoroughly Western man in his habits and instincts. When the black cloud of internecine strife broke and deluged the country with blood, the name of JOSEPH RANKIN was quickly attached as a volunteer

upon the muster-roll of his country, and with his life in his hand he went to battle for the Union of the States and the preservation of the nation. He was no laggard in war, but for three years did service in the field, participating in many bloody engagements; always cool and nonchalant, winning the respect of his superiors and his subordinates by his gallant example and the love of his men by his kind and considerate attention to their comfort and welfare.

The close of the war found him in Tennessee, where he remained temporarily engaged in private business enterprises until 1868, when he returned to his home in Wisconsin. He was almost immediately called into public life in his county in the management and conduct of the local business of its people, and served them so well to their satisfaction that he was advanced by them to a position of higher grade, with a more extended field for operation, and for eleven years he proved an honest, upright, and faithful representative in the legislature of the State. In recognition of his service, with full trust and faith in his honesty and capacity, the people of his Congressional district promoted him from the councils of the State to the National House of Representatives.

In 1884 he was re-elected and came to this House with the hand of death upon him, and at the opening of the session took the oath as one of its members, determined to die, if must be, with the harness on. On the 24th day of January of the present year, after a long and painful illness, at an angel's touch "the silver cord was loosened," and his spirit went hence, leaving his mortality at rest.

When I stood by this lifeless clay and looked upon the face once bright and pleasant with life and humor, the light of which had gone forever, I could not but thank the Great Father of the universe for a hope and faith instilled in me by a mother long since in quiet rest, "that death is not the end of man," but is only "sleep's twin sister," and from out that sleep will spring new life, and the body we give to earth to-day will be reproduced in His own good time, by the processes of the Infinite, whose ways are past finite comprehension, "but who doeth all things well."

It was my good fortune, sir, to have known and associated with Mr. RANKIN for many years. He was a stanch friend, but a plain, unpretending man, who had a thorough contempt for ostentation. He could not move bodies of men by appeals to their passions or to their reason, but he was a clear, practical thinker, with quick, keen perception and an intuitive knowledge of the springs of action which control the action of men as individuals, and herein was his power to accomplish wonderful results. When brought face to face with the man, he rarely failed; hence I class him rather as a manager than a leader of men. He was an experienced legislator, and, by a combination of his qualities of perception and practicality, he was a wise and prudent one, and conservative in all his leanings. As a soldier he was brave and generous, tender and sympathetic as the brave only know how to be.

I was one of the committee of this House charged with the duty of delivering his remains to his State and superintending their committal to their resting place at his home. And to speak of him as a citizen and the respect in which he was held, I need only to say the throngs of people of high and low degree, from Chicago to his home in Northeast Wisconsin, who crowded every station as we passed, and who followed the funeral cortege as it wended its way to the cemetery, is a better recognition of his worth than any words spoken by me.

I feel, sir, that I shall trespass on sacred ground to speak of his inner life in the domestic circle, but I cannot forbear saying he was a marvel of tenderness and affection to his wife and children, and he enjoyed in return the wealth of their unbounded love. May the God of the widow and fatherless ever protect and preserve them with His blessing!

As a friend JOSEPH RANKIN was strong and steadfast, and, could he speak from the tomb, would ask no more eulogistic epitaph upon the tablet at his grave than "He was true to his friends."

And now, sir, I must bid my friend farewell.

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

Address of Mr. HENDERSON, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker, I am invited to a discussion of the resolutions before the House to-night by the impulse of my own heart and because of a deep affection and sincere friendship for the departed Representative whose memory we now honor. Personally I have known Mr. RANKIN only from the commencement of the Forty-eighth Congress; but for many years prior to that I knew him well by reputation, as did all of the public men of our Western country, for he was a man of a reputation not confined to his own State.

Something like a year ago, I think it was, when he returned to this city after a severe illness, I called upon him at his hotel and in a joking way said to him: "Joe, if you are going to die, I promise you one thing, that I will talk on the occasion of the ceremonies attending your death." He looked at me with one of his pleasant smiles and said, "If you do, I do not want you to tell any lies about me." That, Mr. Speaker, is a key to the character of JOSEPH RANKIN. It told the man. Little did I dream that night that so soon it would become my painful duty to speak on the occasion of his death; but I would be unjust to the memory of a man that I respected, and much more than that, did I not remember the injunction which in that conversation he laid upon me.

Mr. Speaker, I do not come to this resolution equipped with any set forms of speech. In my heart there is that which I would like to leave to the memory of JOSEPH RANKIN, and I must trust largely to that feeling to shape my thoughts. He was a typical Western man; plain in his manners, simple in his speech, direct in his methods, conscientious in his thoughts, brave when necessary, cowardly never, either in thought or act. That was his reputation before I knew him and so my acquaintance read him afterward. He was a man of affairs—of what we might term faculties. When large business interests were complicated with troubles, and when a man of integrity,

of skill, of shrewdness and ability was needed, they naturally turned and looked to Mr. RANKIN.

All who knew the man will bear me out in this. He never betrayed a trust. There was not money enough in America to buy JOE RANKIN from his duty; and in the discharge of any trust that was imposed upon him he was one of the very safest of men. One reason for this was that he could read men. No one would ever approach Mr. RANKIN and talk to him long with the idea of deceiving him. The keen eye would soon be turned upon the man who was playing with him, and he would abandon that line of approach.

There was something in his eye that said, "I am not the man to be imposed upon in that way." He was a reader of men. Instinctively he knew what was in a man's mind although his words might be used to cover his real thoughts.

Mr. RANKIN'S bond was good. His word was as good as his bond. His bond was no better than his word. He was slow to give promises, but when that promise once promised anything, you could dismiss the matter from your mind; that which he undertook to do would certainly be done. This was a marked characteristic of the deceased.

He was an approachable man. I liked that in JOE RANKIN. We have three kinds of men in public life, Mr. Speaker. We have one class of men who seem to fold themselves up in their dignity, in their imaginary greatness, if the people lay a little honor upon them. After that the people can not get up to them very much. They seem to be loaded down with the heavy thought that every word that falls from their lips is something very weighty, something that should be treasured up for coming generations, and one has a natural timidity in approaching them. When walking from one end of the Capitol to the other it would seem almost as though this building would shake under their tread. I used to be impressed a great deal with that when visiting the Capitol, and I have observed it some since. JOE RANKIN did not belong to that class.

There is another class of public men who make promises with

great ease. You ask men of this class if they will do so and so. The reply is, "Oh, certainly; with great pleasure. I will attend to it at once without fail." They are easily approached; but when their backs are turned the promise is forgotten, and it never enters their heads again. JOE RANKIN did not belong to that class either. But there is a class of plain, earnest, approachable men who are careful in what they say, and when they say a thing they live up to it. They are men like these: A child is lost in a great city or in a town, or a poor farmer is in a big city for the first time, and having lost his way, he wants information. He may stand for a long time watching the faces of the passers-by for a face that he can address. Who of us has not been there at some time in our lives watching for a face we would dare to speak to? Finally, the child or the man sees a face that says there is a kind heart back of it, and the child or the poor man will stop the owner of that face to ask a question. Five hundred might pass by on the streets of a great city without being stopped by such a child or such a man; but if Mr. RANKIN came by they would stop him, and he would stop, listen attentively to their questions, and give them the fullest information he had. His genial, plain, honest, manly face would draw the poorest man or the trembling child to him for information. That was JOE RANKIN.

My friend from Wisconsin [Mr. BRAGG] says he knew him as a soldier. That is true. When this country needed men Mr. RANKIN was in the ranks, and in this connection I will read a letter from the Adjutant-General of the Army in response to one from myself asking for the military record of the deceased.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, February 17, 1886.

SIR: in reply to your letter of the 8th instant, requesting, for reasons stated therein, the military record of the late Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, M. C., as captain Twenty-seventh Wisconsin Volunteers, I have the honor to inform you that from the records it appears that JOSEPH RANKIN was mustered into the military service of the United States October 23, 1862, as captain Company D, Twenty-seventh Wisconsin Volunteers, at Milwaukee, Wis. The regiment left the State in March, 1863, for the field, and was subsequently assigned to the Sixteenth

Army Corps, participating in the siege of Vicksburg, Miss. After the fall of that place it formed a part of and participated in the "Arkansas expedition," and in the capture of Little Rock, Ark., September 10, 1863. In April, 1864, it formed a part of the expedition to Southwestern Arkansas, in which it was engaged in the following skirmishes: April 2, 1864, at Terre Noire Creek; April 4, at Little Missouri River; April 10, 11, and 12, at Prairie D'Ann; April 15, at White Oak Creek, and April 29, at Jenkins Ferry, on the Saline River.

April 30, 1864, the division in which the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin served was attacked by the forces of General Kirby Smith, the regiment losing five men killed, one officer and thirteen men wounded, and fourteen men missing in action.

From date of muster-in to June 30, 1864, with the exception of a short period in November and December, 1863, when serving as brigade commissary, Captain RANKIN appears to have been present and in command of his company.

From July to November 28, 1864, he was on recruiting service; but on the latter date left Madison, Wis., with a detachment of recruits and rejoined his company on or about December 11, 1864.

February 9, 1865, he was assigned to duty as acting assistant inspector-general, detached brigade, Seventh Army Corps, and on March 1, 1865, on recommendation of General Veatch, to similar duties at headquarters First Division, Thirteenth Army Corps. He continued in the performance of duty as acting assistant inspector-general of that division until August 29, 1865, when mustered out and honorably discharged by reason of the muster out of his company.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. C. DRUM,
Adjutant-General.

Hon. D. B. HENDERSON, M. C.,
House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Speaker, my colleague sitting near me, Major LYMAN, says that he was with him through most of those campaigns, and that he was a good soldier. I am grateful for this assurance from one beside me.

Passing from that, I would say that he who knew JOE RANKIN in his social life was permitted to enter one of the choicest fields. He was eminently a man of large social qualities, not in the bacchanalian sense, not in the wild, extravagant sense; always quiet, always genial, never indulging in wit, always ripe with humor, he was one of the most agreeable men socially that I ever knew. He was a man of strong political convictions, but his politics were indulged in in the

arena where they belonged. In his social life his political views never obtruded themselves, never made him disagreeable, so that as a friend you felt you were with a friend.

These qualities, Mr. Speaker, made him dear to every one who came within range of his social powers, and any one who knew Mr. RANKIN, as I had the pleasure of knowing him, closely and intimately during two Congresses, or rather the one, will be glad to testify to the beautiful, genial, kindly qualities of the man. What was true of him as a man I understand was doubly true of him as a father and as a husband. I do not vouch for it, but I have read it, that when the last struggle was upon him he threw his arms around his children with a terrible superhuman effort, as though he would defy any power to take their natural guardian from them and as though he would carry them with him in the warmth of his love.

Mr. Speaker, I only wish that I was equipped with more words for the memory of JOE RANKIN, for such I must call him. I will not take up longer time upon a theme that I would like to dwell on much longer, but will close by saying that he was my friend and I was his, and I shall, as I believe all his friends ever will, keep a warm, tender place in my memory for the friend who is no longer with us.

Address of Mr. HUDD, of Wisconsin.

Mr. Speaker, I am sadly privileged in being allowed to take part in the memorial exercises of this hour. I stand in his place, the successor of the lamented Representative we now eulogize. I was his friend living, I did and do mourn him dead with more than the mere conventional phrases of a funeral lament. For many years his associate and colleague in the legislature of the State of Wisconsin, politically and personally enjoying more than the common share of his confidence and daily life, I came to know him well, and to be able to say of him he had—

> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.

JOSEPH RANKIN was in its best and truest sense a man; intuitively a gentleman, polished and cultivated into if not a brilliant statesman in the sense of dash and display, still the quiet, effective accomplisher of purposes that had for an end and object the good of his constituents and the ultimate welfare of his State and nation—so, in its best and broadest sense, a statesman of utility and the actor in events that benefited the present and that must live into a future of historical usefulness.

Though born at the East, JOSEPH RANKIN was Western bred. Coming at the early age of twenty-one to the then almost wilderness of a State, he saw his State, Wisconsin, grow into one of the foremost States of the Union, with the shaping of whose legislative, commercial, and industrial history and greatness he had much to do.

There is a heroism and a glory in civil life that endures after we have about forgotten those who have won renown and a page in the history of war and warriors. The brave, patient, successful pioneers of a State marching in the van of civilization with ax and plow and the common schools of the land, to found and perpetuate a State, carving new empires from prairie wastes and amid forests dense by their strong right arm and stronger right common sense on men and measures, these are the heroes of the West—that West that brings to the Union and the Union's treasury its more than equal share of treasures in peace and stalwart men in war. He was the product of the West, this man we mourn. JOSEPH RANKIN was right royally Western in his thought, act, and speech, and as loyally a Union man, as we have heard in the noble tribute here paid to his memory by General Bragg. We have heard how he took up his sword at the call to arms in the war of the States, wherein he sought to conquer, and did help to win and secure, that happy peace that now assures us that—

> Linked in chain, no blow can sever,
> Shine Union's clustering stars forever.

The dead Representative was as generous as he was modest in his recollections as a soldier, and never vaunted his valor or patriotism or recalled in any harshness the causes of war's alarms, but in the

same patriotic spirit that impelled him to strike for what he deemed the right recognized valor in a mistaken and vanquished foe with the right hand of fellowship. It was something more than creed with him; it was act and duty to help build in the temple of our reconstructed Union a tablet of forgiveness and forgetfulness that should hide the block and overshadow the gibbet of vengeance and red memories, to place the martyred Lincoln's golden prophecy over the altars that we rear:

> The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over our broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.

I now recall an episode in the life of the Representative we have lost that came under my eye that will illustrate this happy thought of concord resting over the grave of war.

I was at Cincinnati, in June of 1880, when the great assembly of Democrats had nearly ended, having met and put in nomination for the Presidency of these United States that then superb in life, now heroically great and grand in death, General Winfield Scott Hancock On the heights, and overlooking the city, and in view of the flow of the beautiful river Ohio, at a social board in the open air of night, sat the Indiana general (he, too, now gone over to the silent but ever-increasing majority) on whose staff Captain RANKIN served, at whose side he now sat. Another, one who had worn the gray, composed the third at this table of four. Music arose, rockets and cheers filled the sky of night. In the lull of a moment there came to the ears of the party I have named the answering speech from a banquet-room only a little way off, but in sight and sound, from a crippled major-general of the once confederate army, who had clasped hands with the proposer of the toast—the proposer a general on the Union side, and who, if I mistake not, was in some command where and when the wounded speaker, now a United States Senator, had fallen—the concluding words of that response came to us thus in substance: "Now we join the Union corps that is to be led by General Hancock, and we pledge the South to perpetual union, peace, and progress." RAN-

KIN clasped the hand of his comrade and commander, with almost a tear in his eye, as he said: "General, we fought for that then; now we will go home and make it unanimous." He did live to see it if not unanimous, at least harmonious.

In what words shall we best relate the last chapter of RANKIN's life-story? At manhood prime, the age when we look for maturity of thought and strength to act and wisdom to achieve, he received the message of fate, that, while not appalling him, brought the sackcloth and ashes of human despair to loved ones in a little household of dear wife, good mother, fair daughter and promising son. We cannot resolve him back to them. We can, as it seems we do, say to the grief-stricken ones, "Your sorrow is sacred." But we may give these outward tokens of our respectful grief—funeral honors that may not assuage, but will in time to come comfort, when those nearest and dearest to him shall seek the Congressional pages of their beloved's history to read the story of his brief public life at the nation's capital, and find how he died at his post, revered, honored, and now eulogized. With what courage he met the grim messenger, that has his billet for each, many score of his fellow-members of this Forty-ninth Congress who saw him in the last days of that passing from the here to the hereafter can attest. That patient eye, that smile, I see as I saw him last, only a little while before the Author of his being wrote the thrilling finis to the sad story of suffering that we may believe translates our late colleague in this Congress into the immortal and eternal congress of God's rest to weary feet.

One of our great American poets has so well expressed a thought in his noble verse on the departure of another that I may quote it now as a benediction to the subject of the hour—"The peace of God" to him your funeral committee, together with that great concourse of his Wisconsin friends, laid away in and among the evergreens of that far-away Western home:

As a guest who may not stay,
Long and sad farewell to say,
Glides with smiling face away.

Therefore on thy unknown way
Go, in God's peace, and we who stay
But a little while delay.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear.

And when fall our feet as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well.

Address of Mr. HENDERSON, of Illinois.

I had no notice that these resolutions would be considered to-night until yesterday afternoon, and since have been so occupied that I have scarcely had a moment in which to give thought to what I might say on this occasion. But I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without giving some expression to the high regard in which I hold the memory of the late JOSEPH RANKIN.

I met him first at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in the discharge of some responsible duties in that city but a few months before he took his seat as a member of the Forty-eighth Congress, and from that time until his death our relations were of the most cordial nature. When we met again it was at the beginning of the Forty-eighth Congress, and having been appointed members of the same committee—that on Rivers and Harbors—we were necessarily brought in daily association with each other during many long and weary months of arduous labor on that committee. And while we belonged to different political parties, our association, I am gratified to say, resulted in a friendship warm, sincere, and generous, and which remained uninterrupted until he passed peacefully away to that sleep which knows no waking.

I think I have seldom met a man with whom I was more favorably impressed at my first meeting than I was with JOSEPH RANKIN, and

during our long acquaintance and association afterward as members of the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses and as members of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors in the Forty-eighth Congress I found there was no change in his character, and he continued to be ever the same pleasant, genial, confiding man that I found him to be on my first acquaintance with him.

With a sad heart I visited him often during his last sickness; and when his friends knew there was not the slightest hope of his recovery it was wonderful to see how heroically he struggled for life. He was patient during his long sickness, as much so, it seemed to me, as any man I ever saw who was facing death from day to day for so many weary months. But a few days before his death, when I visited him for the last time, he said to me, "I have had a hard struggle, Colonel HENDERSON, but I am going to pull through; I am going to conquer yet." Whether he said this to give courage and hope to his faithful and devoted wife and to his loving son and daughter, or whether it was the deceptive nature of the disease which was gradually but surely taking him away, I could scarcely tell. But it was evident that he wanted to live and not to be separated by death from his family and friends; and while he realized the danger of his condition, he struggled manfully and hopefully to recover his health, I think, and maintained a cheerfulness when I met him that seemed to me surprising.

Mr. Speaker, the words I utter here to-night are not the words of mere eulogium. They are the words of a friend, speaking of a departed friend and of a friendship which was pleasant to me and the memory of which I shall ever cherish.

I shall never forget when I stood by the casket which contained all that was mortal of JOSEPH RANKIN, and in the presence of his faithful and devoted wife and daughter looked upon his genial, pleasant face for the last time, so natural that, to use the language of Mrs. Rankin herself, it seemed as if he could yet speak to us though dead. But JOSEPH RANKIN is no more. He has gone from us forever.

Mr. Speaker, I knew him as a public man, and I think I knew him

well. And as a member of this body, and a member of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, one of the most laborious committees of the House of Representatives, he proved himself, as I think every member of the committee who served with him will say, a most valuable and faithful member not only of the committee but of the House. He was quick in his conclusions, decided in his judgment, and active, earnest, and faithful in the discharge of all his duties. He was ever disposed to do the right thing in the right way at any and all times. I always found him to be reliable, faithful, and true in the discharge of his public duties.

It was in his capacity as a member of this body in which I knew him best, and I believe that we his associates, who still survive him and remain here to labor, would do well to pattern after the faithful, honest, and patriotic manner in which he performed his public duties.

Mr. Speaker, before I close my remarks I desire to express the admiration which I felt for the intelligent, faithful, devoted wife of our departed friend, who watched by his bedside patiently and lovingly during all his long illness, and to assure her and her children of my continued sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Address of Mr. MAYBURY, of Michigan.

Mr. Speaker, among the more pretentious garlands that loved and loving hands have woven to-day and bring to deck the grave of a departed friend I would offer my humble wreath, enriched only by the sincerity of my affection and the reverent memory in which I would embalm the lamented dead. It was my great privilege to have known JOSEPH RANKIN as a member of this House in the Forty-eighth Congress, and to have served with him in that body. To know him was to respect him, to know him was to love him. Every man in life writes his own epitaph. We stand here to-night looking upon the epitaph which the touches of his character have chiseled. We see an honest, cheerful smile lighting up a face full of benevolence and

kindness; we hear a word of deep and loving tenderness, and we feel the hearty touch of an open and generous hand. We read the attributes that invested the character of this man and marked him as one of bright mind, great good sense, united with the qualities of a warm, trusting, and cultivated heart.

We knew him as a man of few words, and these spoken in a voice as low and tender as a woman's. We knew him as a man of many good deeds, done without ostentation. The duties of each passing day involved with him plain facts, visible and undeniable. His discharge of these duties was prompt, frank, and open. Unconsciously to him these attributes and influences touched and molded the lives of those about him, and to-day memory seizes upon them to be woven in a chaplet for his grave. JOSEPH RANKIN'S life was that of a man remarkably direct and single in all its purposes. Strong in action, and by contact with him were our lives made stronger and purer. We see in him a consistent man in all the relations of life, and all united with humility and great kindness. The sum of such a life finds its expression in the words, "a good citizen, faithful public servant, true friend, indulgent husband, and kind father."

The memory of his virtues lingers as the twilight lingers when the sun is set. He was fond of humor and devoted to good-fellowship. None who knew him can forget the merry twinkle in his eye as he poised the arrow that he sent, not to pierce his victim, but to rebound from him. He was too considerate and gentle to wound by word or deed. He was one of those men whom if he had lived to old age would have been recognized as a patriarch among his friends and neighbors. There is not much left in these busy, troubled days of the old patriarchal life and feeling. The times are inconsistent with its calm spirit, its quiet, reverential ways. And yet, at times, there walks among us one who while not so venerable in years, perhaps, as to claim the tribute of fatherly affection from us all, but with such a gracious authority of character, such purity of heart, and exercising such a sway over our affections that all bow down to him with instinctive love and veneration.

To such a life and to such a character it matters little what earthly honors are paid. It is not the cheap incense that we selfishly offer to the great and to the powerful, nor the homage we pay at the feet of patronage. To the lamented dead we offer no such tribute; the service we give is won by no such consideration. The loving duty we pay them is the unbought and priceless tribute of affection. The tenderest regret that we feel is that a delightful presence has been exchanged for a tearful memory. These are the highest offerings of the human heart. JOSEPH RANKIN was pre-eminently an unselfish man. He was a manly man. Wherever good to others was to be done at the sacrifice of self and selfish convenience, his example was inspiring and contagious.

Like good Ben Adhem his uppermost thought seemed to be "write me as one who loves his fellow-men." If JOSEPH RANKIN was a stranger to those within the sound of my voice, had his goings out and his comings in not been with them, had his pilgrim feet not walked the ways and his smiles lit up the pathway which we now tread, I might be forced to speak with more reserve. But here I know that no word can seem strained or insincere. Certainly I cannot overstate my own deep, cherished feelings, and I know it does not extend beyond the testimony that others now give and which I have heard so often fall from their lips while he was yet among the living. Besides, it is not praise to speak of such a life; it is rather thanksgiving. It is the answer of loving hearts to the heart of our dear lamented friend.

JOSEPH RANKIN was a man not only of great sense and of excellent mental endowments and of an even temper, but he possessed that power which after all is the strongest that a man can wield, the power of a sympathetic, strong, kind heart. Whatever may be said of brilliancy in life and living, and whatever light may brighten up our mental and intellectual pathway through life, the human heart is, after all is said, the light of our best living.

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live!
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears."

Mr. RANKIN was in all the attributes of his character the product of the rugged experience by which in life, in a growing community on the frontier, with its privations and yet its opportunities of developing and broadening our life's vision, character is molded and matured. He was the victim of no prejudices; he had inherited none. He took an enlarged view of life's duties and its responsibilities, and was cheerful and brave in the discharge of them. He was fortunate in life; for who did not envy the apparent health of mind and body and the cheerfulness of disposition that enveloped him. Fortunate in life, I cannot but feel that he was equally so in the time and manner of his death. The kind Providence that had directed his way in his days of strength and health did not desert him at the last.

Although the victim of incurable disease, when the dread Destroyer had fastened upon his pilgrim footsteps, as he lingered among us, we hoped that the pathway beneath his feet might grow brighter unto the perfect day and lead to the fountain of restored health. But while this was denied us, yet it was not when the powers of mind and body had been completely destroyed and obscured, but while we bade him hail in the vain hope of returning health, we were suddenly called upon to bid him a tearful and lasting farewell. The indomitable courage and cheerful spirit that marked his days of perfect health did not desert him in the days of suffering. A few days before his death, when the snows of a winter's day were disappearing in the sunlight, he laid upon his bed looking out wearily upon the winter scene. Here and there the ground was bare of snow, and he watched the toiling horses as they drew their burden along. Turning to those who sat beside him he said, "It is rough sledding." The expression was touching and significant, not alone of the scene passing before his outward vision, but of the rough and rugged way of suffering through which he journeyed to the end.

Surrounded by a devoted family, endeared to a large circle of friends, cheered by the consolations of an assured faith, with all the lofty confidence of Seneca, coupled with the simple, childlike faith of St. Paul, he approached that gate so near to some of us and not far distant

from us all. From the fields a reaper has gone. A fountain of pure and wholesome influences is dried up. And yet, when I think of life, with its sufferings, its disappointments, and its unrequited affections, I cannot but recall the words of the poet and heartily but tenderly join the spirit of his lines:

I am glad that he has lived so long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward.
I cannot deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
When softly she disengaged the vital cord;
For ere his hand grew palsied
And his eye dark with the mists of age,
There came his fitting time to die.

Address of Mr. JOHNSON, of New York.

Mr. Speaker, a long and intimate acquaintance is not always necessary to strongly attach one man to another. Some men by reason of peculiar traits of character are sometimes misunderstood, unjustly judged, and yet those very peculiarities almost unconsciously attract to the man. One may be unable to tell why; but acquaintance is easy, and as association and intercourse continue, respect and attachment are sure to follow. Such a man was JOSEPH RANKIN, the late Representative in Congress from the fifth Wisconsin district.

My acquaintance with him began in the early days of the Forty-eighth Congress, when by the chance that locates us in this Chamber we had seats near each other. The disease that took his life was even then upon him, and in consequence of his poor health he was not regularly in his seat; but I saw him often, and from the first I was drawn toward him. He had at times a bluntness of expression and manner that left a wrong impression of the man. He did himself injustice, and yet, as a rule, and especially for his friends, he had a heartiness of greeting and intercourse that was irresistible, and it needed but a short acquaintance to insure for him a warm friendship and regard.

A native of New Jersey, Wisconsin has for thirty-two years last past been his home. He served three years in the Union Army, was five times elected to the assembly and four times to the senate of his State, and in 1882 was elected to the Forty-eighth and in 1884 re-elected to the Forty-ninth Congress. His long experience in the Wisconsin legislature, where he exercised a decided influence, well qualified him to serve his constituents in the National Legislature. Though not able to be regular in his attendance on the sessions of the Forty-eighth Congress, yet he kept himself fully posted on current events and abreast of the times in the matter of the legislation of the day.

He was a Democrat, and was always ready to maintain and defend the principles of his party; and yet he was always considerate of the feelings and opinions of those who differed with him. Some of his closest friends and most intimate associates, not only in his own State, but here in Washington, were of opposite political faith to his own.

"True to his friends," is a sentence that was especially applicable to him. Once having given his confidence, he was "true as steel." When once his mind was made up on any question it was only after careful thought and consideration, but then he was ready conscientiously to maintain his position, and that, too, if need be, in words that gave "no uncertain sound."

The brave way in which he battled with disease was most remarkable. Against the advice of his physician and the remonstrance of his friends he decided to come to Washington at the opening of the present Congress, and come he did, when most men would have kept their beds. Brought to the House, he took the oath of office on the opening day of this session. A few days later he came to the House again, and remained for a short time, and then returned to his rooms never again to be seen on this floor. He realized his hopeless physical condition. He went home to die. The manner in which he bore his sufferings was a marvel to those who witnessed it. Always cheerful, he tried to cheer all about him. Always hopeful, he tried to inspire others with the same precious possession.

His chief concern was for his family. How would they do without him; what could he do for them before he was taken away? But we would not intrude upon the sacred inclosure of the family circle. It is enough to say that he did all he could, made every arrangement possible, and then waited the final call that was to separate them for the remainder of this mortal life. I saw him one week before his death. Though suffering intensely, and speaking with difficulty, he was cheerful. He had a smile, a pleasant word for all who came to his bedside, and apparently faced the messenger of death without a shadow of fear. He was anxious to return to his Wisconsin home and die among home friends, but that was denied him; and on the 24th of January, 1886, he quietly breathed his last here at the capital of the nation.

The committee escorting his remains were met far outside the limits of Wisconsin by a large delegation from its chief city, and it was not necessary to be advised when we crossed the boundary line to know we were in the State of his adoption, where he had so long lived, and whose people had so delighted to do him honor. The expression on every countenance, the appearance on every side, told the story of public and private loss. We were in the midst of a mourning people. At the railroad stations in the various towns through which we passed, and especially as we neared his home, citizens thronged the funeral car, and with tearful eyes and in tender and considerate manner offered their sympathy to the bereaved family.

The day of his burial was, as we were informed, such a one as has rarely if ever been seen in the city of his residence. People of all classes seemed to have lost a personal friend, and were anxious to show their respect to the memory of their representative citizen. All had kind words for the neighbor and friend who was to be seen no more among them, and all hearts seemed to go out in tender thought and solicitude for the loved ones he had left behind—the objects of his life-long efforts, of his last thought and care—his wife and children.

This feeling was touchingly expressed by a local newspaper in these words:

> A thousand men in the State will feel that they are to a certain extent guardians of the children he loved so well, and they will be watched when they do not know it, and their steps unconsciously guided by strangers to the children, but who loved the father.

The sad procession extended from the little church, where the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church was observed, for nearly the entire distance of one mile, to the rural cemetery on an elevation overlooking Lake Michigan, where, on a winter's day, we laid him down in his evergreen bed (prepared by loving hands), there to await the morning of the general resurrection.

I wish I could speak confidently as to his possession of a Christian faith and experience. He was not a religious man, as we use the term; but we will not judge—that we leave to God. I can but think, however, that during the long and weary months of suffering and when so much alone with his own thoughts the great questions of personal religion, the welfare of his soul, were anxiously and carefully considered by him; and I can but hope that if not before, certainly as the end drew on and he felt his feet touching the waters of the dark river he was so soon to cross, and while his mind was full of anxious thought for his loved ones and kind provision for their earthly future, his mind also dwelt on his own eternal future, and that his confiding heart laid hold by faith and trust of the Saviour of the world, in whose name and by whose merits he should find pardon and acceptance before Him who is to judge us all.

It would be mistaken eulogy to say of any man that he had no faults. We make no such claim for our deceased friend. He had his faults, and who has not? But those who knew him best loved him most. A man of strong convictions, he was ready on occasion to express them and conscientiously to stand by them. Charitable in his judgment of others, fair to those who opposed him, considerate of the opinions of others however widely they might differ from those entertained by himself, with a warm and sympathizing heart toward all who were in

need and sorrow, with a loyalty to friends that was proverbial, a most affectionate husband and father, he was, everywhere and at all times, an honest, honorable, kindly man.

With such recollections, I pay my humble tribute to the memory of JOSEPH RANKIN.

Address of Mr. GUENTHER, of Wisconsin.

Mr. Speaker, while I listened to the eloquent and fitting eulogies pronounced by the gentlemen who preceded me there arose before my vision the splendid form of him to whom to-day we pay these last sad tributes of respect and love.

I see him standing before me as of old, in the fullness of his physical vigor and the unimpaired enjoyment of his strong mental faculties before he was attacked by that fatal disease which so prematurely ended a life full of promise and usefulness to his family, his State, and his country. I feel as if his eye, sparkling with his kindly humor, were once more fixed upon me. I listen again to his words, full of frankness and sound sense. It seems to me as if I again felt the friendly pressure of that hand which he extended to me in cordial greeting twenty-four hours before the angel of death served the summons upon him and called him to that unknown land whence no wanderer has ever returned.

But, alas! it is but a vision. That keen but pleasant eye, which reflected his noble soul, is closed forever; the mouth which spoke so many kind words is silenced; the hand which loved to press lies rigid and cold by his side; the true heart, which knew no malice nor deceit, beats no more.

Our friend is dead!

I wish that I possessed the gift of oratory, so as to pay a fitting tribute to him whom I loved and whose memory I shall cherish as long as my memory lasts. Although we belonged to different political parties we were always friends.

I knew him intimately for many years. For four winters we came in almost daily contact, he being a State senator and I holding an official position in the capital of our State. We staid at the same hotel, and our intercourse was frequent and always of the most cordial nature. Then we were both members of the Forty-eighth Congress, and our friendly relations were never disturbed. He was considerate, pleasant, and affable to all.

Although a strong partisan and believing in the principles of his party, he respected honest convictions in others though they differed widely from his own.

He confided in his friends, and never betrayed confidence placed in him, no matter what advantage he might have secured thereby.

He possessed a kind and generous disposition. He was a most companionable gentleman, with a strong humorous vein running through his nature.

He was keen and quick to see a point. In questions of a political nature he was most always instinctively right.

But above all, Mr. Speaker, he had one quality which endeared him most to those who knew him, and which in my opinion was the key to the secret why he had so many friends, and I can truthfully say that no man in our State had more warm personal friends among all classes and in both political parties than he. I say he possessed one quality which drew men toward him and held them as his friends, and it was that he was always outspoken, just, and honest, alike to friend and foe.

He flattered nobody, he persecuted nobody, he maligned nobody, he belittled nobody, but he was always frank and open.

He gave everybody his due. He was true to his friends, generous to his adversaries; enemies he had none.

He was plain in his manners, plain in his attire, plain in his language. He was a man of the people. The people loved JOE RANKIN, as he was familiarly called by everybody. None loved him more than those who knew him best. When we bore his body to his old home on the shores of the blue waters of Lake Michigan the

large concourse of people who came from everywhere, in spite of the severity of the weather, testified to his great popularity. Everybody felt as if he had met with a personal loss. When I stood at the open grave, with grief in my heart and sympathy for the wife and children he had so tenderly loved, when for the last time I looked upon the somber casket that held all that was mortal of JOSEPH RANKIN, when I remembered the many happy hours we had spent together, when I saw the moistened eyes of the old veterans, his former comrades in arms, when I looked upon the sorrowful features of his neighbors and townsmen, I felt that a true, a good, and an honest man had gone from us forever and that I had lost a valued friend. With sad hearts we left him sleeping his last sleep under the silent evergreens on the hill by the lake, in the garden of the dead. JOSEPH RANKIN is no more, but his memory will live among his friends and in the history of his State when we all will sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

Address of Mr. LA FOLLETTE, of Wisconsin.

Mr. Speaker, each one's part in this service can little more than suggest the personality of its subject. Each tribute, taken alone, may mark one characteristic, one phase or habit of mind too prominently. Although every life has a consistency and completeness to the man who lives it, to whom its experiences are as a unit, yet its story is not easily told by another, because each one has but a brief glance at the inner life of his friend where their ways run together for a little while. But from the aggregated impressions of men we get very near to the truth. And so here to-day, from these many offerings may be given to time a faithful, symmetrical outline of JOSEPH RANKIN'S life.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. RANKIN was limited, though the public life of few men in Wisconsin is more familiar to me. For fifteen years he was a political leader in his own State. And it has

sadly happened that the best, indeed almost the only, test of his powers in public service was made there.

Mr. RANKIN was a man of character and ability, and he was by organization and instinct a politician.

I use the word politician advisedly, but with some hesitation, because confusion of thought and the disproportion of ideas to words have often bound this good word to a bad service. A better discernment and the growth of language will finally restore it to correct usage. Bestowed with consideration, it bespeaks qualities of mind that challenge admiration and respect—quick intelligence, sound judgment, tireless energy, strong resolution, commanding honesty. I know well the careless speech of the day associates political management with much that is disreputable.

But, sir, discrimination demands another judgment.

Stop and consider but for a moment. A man of strength and ability, in the quiet pursuit of professional or business life, wins the confidence of his neighbors and friends. They learn to rely on his sagacity, to respect his judgment, to confide in his honor and honesty. As his circle enlarges and his powers are tested further, they amply respond to each new situation. Finally, his political party claims him for leadership and public service. Men of all trades, all professions, all pursuits follow his political management, second his efforts, do his behest to advance the party organized about the principles to which he and they are devoted.

Is there any reason, I ask you, why his nature should meet with a sudden moral revulsion, why he should be instantly transformed into something unclean, why men should all at once become his merchandise, why he should henceforth measure principles by a price, why he should become a juggler and trickster? Is not such a conclusion irrational, unnatural, monstrous? That within the compass of one human organization such opposing elements could be compounded is a psychological impossibility.

I do know that there exists a creature who is to politics what the pettifogger is to the law; and I do know that the pettifogger is not

more loathed by the lawyer than the political shyster by the politician. Nor has the law's noble profession been more dishonored by her trickish knave than has politics by the political shyster. For, with the genius of impudence, the shyster has sometimes stolen the livery of the politician to dignify his calling and cover his political crimes. He does not often deceive the discerning and rarely deceives any one long, for he and the politician have absolutely no kinship, no attributes in common. The politician's capital in life is the trust which he reposes in others, which they in turn repose in him; the shyster's stock in trade is the meanness and dishonesty which he finds in humanity. The politician believes in the honor of men, risks everything on individual integrity; the shyster doubts every man, is a universal skeptic. It is not difficult to distinguish between the two; and it is a discrimination that ought always to be made in thought and speech. The key to the distinction is honesty of character. The politician cannot exist without absolute, unyielding, uncompromising honesty. The same high regard for right conduct which earns confidence in business and professional life commands like tribute in politics. There is no call to party or public service where it is wanting; there is no continued success where it is not held and cherished.

More is not claimed for the politician than belongs to him. I have tried to strip the term of its vile associations and clothe it with its own dignity in order to measure Mr. RANKIN rightly as a public man.

It is not contended that he was a statesman, although I do think the statesman and politician stand much nearer together than current thought concedes. The difference in the mental characteristics of these two classes of public men is more a difference in degree of power than in kind. Mr. RANKIN did not attain to the creative genius of the statesman. He was quick to observe and satisfy the public want almost in anticipation; but he was not one to mark out a new course in governmental advancement and mold the public mind to its ready adoption.

Mr. RANKIN knew well the times in which he lived; but the statesman makes like companionship with the past and the future. He

saw clearly the legitimate scope of his party principles; but the vision of the statesman is bounded only by the horizon of national possibilities. But Mr. RANKIN had in common with the statesman great sagacity, ready grasp of mind, superior energy, swift decision, bold, aggressive courage.

Nor is there any difference in the moral habit, the ethical sense of the politician and the statesman. Be he one or the other, he stands the representative of this principle or that party only so long as he stands erect in honor. One deviation, one relaxation, one bending of principle, and he falls and falls forever. Nay! woe to him though he yield only to weakness, evincing the slightest want of moral discrimination! Under the scorching breath of public suspicion a shining record of honor and integrity withers to dust and ashes. There is no escape, no appeal. His office is either a sacred trust, or the poisoned shirt of Nessus. Vain the defense of personal friends, vain his previous clean public life! Hunted from his high place by a betrayed people, retribution soon closes his career, and gives his name to the ensuing generation abhorred. No! no! politician or statesman, more than any other man must he ever bend a "vaulting ambition" to meet the last exaction of the moral law.

Mr. RANKIN was in public service for nearly twenty years, and his personal or political integrity was never questioned. While I would not be understood as placing him among the great, among the few who can be called statesmen, I would give him high rank among that more numerous and scarcely less useful class of public men who work untiringly, unceasingly, and honestly for the advancement of party organization and party principles.

Together with these traits of mind, alone sufficient to give him such prominence as a politician, were joined those generous, genial qualities which bound men to him wherever he was known. The most careful analysis could not determine whether his success in life was due more to his sagacious mind or to his open, sympathetic, cheerful, and inspiring nature. He was one who understood all men, one

whom all men understood, at the first glance of the eye, at the first touch of the hand.

He was a popular man, a popular man at a time in the history of the human race when popularity is a certificate of high character. Coriolanus went banished from the gates of Rome because for him the price of popularity was to fawn and flatter; was "to teach his mind a most inherent baseness." But with the rise of the common people from the debauching slavery of ignorance and superstition up, up to sovereignty and self-government, has been lifted that word, which is ever at their level, until to-day popularity makes fellowship with dignity and self-respect. He who wins it must be manly, reliable, responsive; must be able, practical, useful to be in companionship with all men. Thus was Mr. RANKIN popular. Thus was he brother to every man. So it was that he was known and loved personally throughout Wisconsin. So, too, during his short stay here he made friends of all who knew him. Had he lived and continued in public service his acquaintance and personal popularity would have radiated from this center of political life as it did from his home. But the best years of his vigorous manhood were spent when he came here. He entered this House handicapped by fatal disease.

Sir, I make brief reference to Mr. RANKIN'S sickness and death only as it sustains and illustrates my view of him as a man. His long and painful fight with disease tried him under new conditions when hope could not cheer nor ambition sustain. It was a supreme test, and the manner in which he met it illuminated his past life and put upon it the seal of sincerity, courage, generosity, and strength.

At the very threshold of his new career death met him. From the first its shadow went with him in and out of these Halls; stood over him at his desk, followed him down the corridors, pursued him to his home. Month after month, waking or sleeping, in social cheer or in the still hours of the night, it was his constant companion. Before all others he was the first to know what threatened him. His ear first caught the mandate that chills the heart and slows the pulse: "Be ye ready, the summons cometh quickly."

Not for an instant did he indulge in any delusion touching the final issue. Here, as before, his correct judgment directed him aright. His quick perceptions saw straight to the open grave. Here, as before, his heroic courage and generous nature responded faithfully. Making no complaint, giving no sign to friends, he directed all the purposes of his being with increased solicitude toward his family's future. He resolved that the end should not come until every protection that love could suggest and energy secure was thrown around them. Quietly but with dispatch titles were re-examined, transfers made, books balanced, checks drawn, everything put in order. With what tenderness he lingered over each act that gave assurance of comfort and competence to wife and children! For he felt that in every service then rendered there passed something of his personality to live with them through life. All was at last in readiness, and he turned again to face death.

Yet it did not fall to him to go quickly and easily to his rest. Season followed season and the extremes of agony were borne with marvelous patience and endurance. Finally, with waning strength, the struggle narrowed to the limits of his room. Still considerate of those near him, he would scarcely admit even then that he was not well. He could not bear to see loved ones bowed prostrate before the dark mystery that was surely entering their home. With family and friends he forgot self, the torture of disease, all else, turned the serious words of physicians into jest, and forced his natural, bouyant spirits and vigorous humor into active play. None who saw will ever forget the touching pathos of those scenes.

This body will long remember the daily reports of that unequal but prolonged contest. Each night his haggard face prophesied speedy death; each morn saw the prophecy unfulfilled. Sustained by an indomitable will, the vital forces yielded slowly, but yielded at last. It was the Sabbath. Outside, its potent spell had touched the Christianized world, and peace and quiet marked the hour; within the sick-room, the awful suspense of that mute unrest which signals the termination of life. Family and friends were close about him,

and went with him down to where our finite section of time meets the infinite.

So he died, a strong, affectionate, generous man, though not without some faults and weaknesses; a man of convictions and courage; a consistent, able, honest politician.

Address of Mr. THOMAS, of Wisconsin.

This House meets to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of our departed friend and late associate, Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, who died in this city after a lingering and painful illness on January 24 last.

When the pulsations of life are stilled forever, it is the duty of friendship and of love to commemorate the virtues of the lamented dead. Those who knew Mr. RANKIN well will recall his manly spirit, his honesty of purpose, his loyalty to friends; and bearing testimony to these qualities, we make a tribute to his memory something more than mere form.

JOSEPH RANKIN was a true specimen of Western manhood. Although born in New Jersey, and afterward moving with his father's family to the State of New York, his active, restless, and adventurous spirit caused him to long for more stirring scenes, and in 1854, in his twenty-first year, he left home for the then Far West, settling in Mishicot, in Manitowoc County, Wisconsin. In this lively, bustling town he soon entered into business, by opening, in company with another, a general store. In this he succeeded remarkably well for the time he was engaged, but his inclinations and the opportunities surrounding him led him into a political life. The community where he resided saw a safe representative man in his make-up, and if he had been unwilling it would have been almost impossible for him to have refused to serve them in many local offices, which he did for several successive years by the almost unanimous choice of his neighbors.

In 1860 he was elected to the assembly, the popular branch of the

State Legislature, and he would undoubtedly have continued to serve the interests of his section of the State in the Legislature in the years immediately following had not the civil war temporarily arrested his political career. When the civil war broke out Mr. RANKIN at once enlisted himself on the side of his country's cause; he entered the military service of the United States as captain of Company D of the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, and served as such throughout the war, and was honorably mustered out of service in 1865. As a soldier he took part in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, the most conspicuous of which were the battles about and the siege of Vicksburg—you have heard his honorable military record read at the desk by the Clerk—the engagements that resulted in the capture of Little Rock, also the engagements of Okolona, Prairie D'Ann, and the battle of Jenkins Ferry.

He showed a coolness and bravery in the face of danger that gained him the admiration and respect of his superior officers and the love and confidence of his men.

As might be expected by those who knew him well, he was untiring in his efforts for the comfort and health of those who served under him, and every member of his company was his firm and steadfast friend—a friendship that lasted after the war was over, for every one of his men who remained within his district rendered him useful and untiring services whenever he was a candidate for office. He was as modest and unassuming in relation to his war history as the record shows he was brave. Few ever heard him say anything about his part in the war, and it was only through those who served with him that his courage, his fidelity, and his soldierly conduct were made known.

From the colonel of his regiment to the private soldier, all declared that he was a good soldier, a brave fighter, and a considerate officer, as well as a kind-hearted, companionable gentleman. After the war, and in 1868, he went back to Manitowoc County from Tennessee, where he had been managing a plantation. He was heartily welcomed home, and in a very short time thereafter was elected a member of

the county board, and was instrumental in bringing to light frauds that had been perpetrated, the discovery of which saved the county many thousands of dollars.

He was elected in the years 1872, 1873, and 1874 by overwhelming majorities to the assembly, serving in that body during that period with great distinction. In 1876 Mr. RANKIN was elected to the State senate, and was re-elected for two successive terms thereafter. It was during his service in the State senate that I first became acquainted with him. I found him genial, companionable, kind-hearted, as well as a man of great ability for political management.

Differing from him as I did politically, I could not help admiring the great tact with which he managed and controlled the interests of his party in the senate of the State. He never made set or lengthy speeches, but was one who naturally drew to himself leadership, and with his accurate knowledge of parliamentary law and a keen and ready perception he was often able, though in a minority, to extort from the majority the advantage which he desired by his ability, his good nature, his kindness of heart, his hatred of all shams.

JOSEPH RANKIN gained in the State senate of Wisconsin not only the confidence and affection of the members of his own party, but the respect and friendship of his political opponents. He was attentive to his duties and conscientious in the performance of them. I remember with what care he watched every move and proceeding, ready to oppose or defend as his judgment should dictate, and with what rapidity he was able to take advantage of any mistake upon the other side, and how when a measure met his disapproval his short, sharp questioning brought out his objections more clearly than lengthy speeches could. No persuasion and no effort could turn aside his vigilance or induce him to yield his vigorous opposition to a measure which he did not approve. And yet in both parties he could always count his friends by scores; every one who approached him became almost necessarily his friend; he unconsciously drew others to him, and by his genial deportment and outspoken honesty of purpose inspired confidence and respect.

Self-respecting and self-reliant, he was yet possessed of an unassuming manner which no circumstances disturbed and which remained unaffected by accumulated honors, and was touched by an off-hand frankness and familiarity toward his friends which put them always at ease in his presence and made the bond a strong one. And added to this was the charm of his conversation, entertainingly mingled with sparkling wit and good humor based upon the ground-work of common sense, which not only delighted but instructed.

I had not the pleasure of serving with him in this House, but I am glad, sir, to hear his political friends and political foes alike (for personal foes he had none) unite in bearing witness to his integrity, to his conscientiousness, and to his firmness of purpose on the side of what he thought to be right, and I am not surprised to find that here, as in his own State, his clear mental vision and soundness of judgment were recognized.

I will add that he was an energetic, close, and diligent student; that he was a searcher for practical useful truth, as it was his ambition to possess that knowledge of men and affairs that would enable him to well and properly perform all the duties that might devolve upon him. These qualities and qualifications made hypocricy and deceit impossible to him. This sincerity made him when he once espoused a cause a strong and fervent partisan, with little toleration for those of his way of thinking who would in any way temporize with the other side. He was patient in defeat, and when political victory came to his side he was temperate and discreet. In all his methods and all his thoughts, in private as in public life, he was direct, outspoken, and honest.

Mr. RANKIN was proud of his State and of its people, and their interests were the object of his constant care and attention, which even the severe torture of the fell disease which held him in its merciless grasp so long could not force him to neglect in the least. He was endeared to the people of Wisconsin by reason of his faithful representation of their interests, as well as for the manly character which commanded their admiration. Especially was he beloved by

those whose lot it was to toil. His own life in early days had been one of labor, and to his credit be it said that he was never ashamed of the fact, and always and at all times his sympathies were with the struggling poor.

The disease to which he finally succumbed came upon him some two or three years ago, and although he knew, as did all his friends, that it was an incurable malady, never did he by word or sign indicate any discouragement or any fear of death, but with fortitude and patience most rare, under the greatest pain and suffering, he attended to every duty, and at the commencement of this session of Congress, having been re-elected, he came from his home in Wisconsin to Washington for the purpose of assuming the duties of a member of this House, although he knew it could be but a brief service, while his friends feared that he would not survive the journey.

On the first day of the session of this Congress he came to this Chamber pale, weak, emaciated, death at his side, but smiling uncomplainingly and determined to do his duty as long as he had strength, and here he took the oath of office as one of Wisconsin's Representatives. That effort was the last, and that his last appearance here. During the short and terrible struggle that ensued between life and death he had the sympathy of every member of this House and of the entire country. When the fatal summons came it found him ready, patient, and brave; quick to the last to recognize the love and suffering of those who stood about him; to speak with his last breath words of tender encouragement to wife and children, upon whose breaking hearts they must have fallen as benediction. And so passed the spirit of JOSEPH RANKIN from this to a brighter and a better world.

You have heard from those who accompanied the funeral cortege to the State of Wisconsin how, without regard to political distinction, the people of that great State bowed their heads in sadness and in sorrow over the untimely death of one whom they loved and whose memory they will revere for all time.

And now, sir, in conclusion let me say that Mr. RANKIN was blame-

less in his private life, and his character in every respect was above reproach. His career is a bright and encouraging example to those young men of our country who, though in humble circumstances and poor in this world's goods, may learn from his history that diligence, honesty of purpose, and nobleness of character are a better start in life than inherited wealth, and power, and station; and that it is not so much the length of our days as the work done in them and the influence we leave behind us when the Great Giver of Life calls us to the activities of that grander sphere of promise that constitutes true living here.

Death takes us by surprise,
  And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
  Our lives are incomplete.

But the dark unknown,
  Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
  Is rounded in the stream.

Were a star quenched on high
  For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
  Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a good man dies,
  For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
  Upon the paths of men.

Mr. BRAGG. Mr. Speaker, I now move the adoption of the resotions.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and accordingly the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

January 25, 1886.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. CLARK, its Clerk, conveyed to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, late a Representative of the State of Wisconsin.

The message also announced that the House had passed a concurrent resolution for the appointment of a special joint committee of seven members of the House of Representatives and three members of the Senate to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to Manitowoc, Wis., and that Mr. BRAGG of Wisconsin, Mr. VAN SCHAICK of Wisconsin, Mr. STEPHENSON of Wisconsin, Mr. GUENTHER of Wisconsin, Mr. CARLETON of Michigan, Mr. HENDERSON of Illinois, and Mr. JOHNSON of New York, had been appointed the committee on the part of the House.

Mr. SAWYER. I move that the resolutions from the House of Representatives in regard to the death of Mr. RANKIN be taken up.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *January* 25, 1886.

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, late a Representative of the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring*), That a special joint committee of seven members of the House of Representatives and three members of the Senate be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to Manitowoc, Wis., and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Ordered, That Mr. BRAGG of Wisconsin, Mr. VAN SCHAICK of Wisconsin, Mr. STEPHENSON of Wisconsin, Mr. GUENTHER of Wisconsin, Mr. CARLETON of Michigan, Mr. HENDERSON of Illinois, and Mr. JOHNSON of New York, be the committee on the part of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. SAWYER. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Chair.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, late a Representative from the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That the Senate concur in the resolution of the House of Representatives providing for the appointment of a joint committee to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to Manitowoc, Wis., and that the members of the committee on the part of the Senate be appointed by the President *pro tempore*.

The resolutions were agreed to.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. In obedience to the resolution the Chair appoints the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. SAWYER], the Senator from Kentucky [Mr. BLACKBURN], and the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. JONES] as the committee on the part of the Senate.

Mr. SAWYER. As a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

June 11, 1886.

Mr. SPOONER. In accordance with the notice I gave yesterday I ask if it be the pleasure of the Senate that the message of the House of Representatives acquainting the Senate with its action relative to the death of Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolutions of the House of Representatives of March 25, 1886, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of this House be suspended that suitable honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, late a Representative from the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. RANKIN the country has sustained the loss of a safe legislator, a patriotic citizen, and an able and faithful public servant.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to his memory the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. SPOONER. Mr. President, I ask leave to offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate receives with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of the Hon. JOSEPH RANKIN, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Wisconsin, and tenders to the family and relatives of the deceased the assurance of its sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit to the family of Mr. RANKIN a copy of the foregoing resolution.

Address of Mr. SPOONER, of Wisconsin.

Mr. President, in offering here a tribute to the memory of JOSEPH RANKIN, late a member of the House of Representatives from Wisconsin, I do not come to the mere perfunctory discharge of a customary duty. My acquaintance with Mr. RANKIN commenced fourteen years ago, when we were associated in the legislative service of our State. He was of one political faith, I of another, but our friendship commenced with our acquaintance and ended only when his life went out.

The formal story of his life is soon told. He was born at Passaic, N. J., September 25, 1833, and died in the city of Washington on the 24th of January, 1886. At an early age he removed with his parents to Connecticut, and soon thence to Homer, N. Y., where he lived until he was twenty-one, receiving a fair academic education. His boyhood and youth were in no wise peculiar, except in the originality and strength of purpose which afterwards marked his manhood.

In 1854, just of age, he sought, alone, a home and fortune in Wisconsin, then still one of the frontier States of the far West, settling at Mishicot, in the county of Manitowoc, which county, with little interruption, thereafter remained his home. Upon his advent to Wisconsin he entered a mercantile career, in which he was quite successful.

Early he developed an interest in, and an aptitude for, public affairs, and in 1860 he was elected a member of the assembly, in which body he served with credit.

The silvery notes of the war bugle quickly won him from the paths of peace, and in October, 1862, he bade good-by to the loving woman who had been but a little time his wife, and enrolled himself in the Army of the Union as captain of Company D, Twenty-seventh Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers. He, with his regiment, participated in

the siege of Vicksburg and in many skirmishes and battles. From the date of his muster-in to June 30, 1864, he was, save for a month or two, present and in service with his company. He served as an acting asssitant inspector-general from February, 1865, to August, 1865, when, with the rank of major, he was mustered out with his regiment.

He was a brave and skillful officer and dearly loved by the men of his command.

From the close of the war he resided in Tennessee until 1868, when he returned to Wisconsin, making his home at Manitowoc.

In 1872, 1873, and 1874 he was elected to the assembly, and in 1876 he was elected to the State senate, in which he served for six years.

He was elected to the Forty-eighth Congress and re-elected to the Forty-ninth.

Mr. RANKIN easily distinguished himself throughout Wisconsin as a legislator. In truth, the work of legislation seemed natural to him. He was not technical nor obstructive, but nothing in legislation escaped him. He knew from the beginning what some legislators seem never to learn—that niggardliness in public expenditure is wastefulness and that true economy lies nearly always in the direction of liberal expenditures for public purposes; but he was always alert and powerful to prevent extravagance. He was not known to study pending measures, but his remarkable power of quick analysis searched every measure, and, at the proper time, his objection to a loosely drawn or bad bill was sure to come, in a few crisp, sharp sentences, which went to the heart of the subject. His knowledge and mastery of legislative details seemed intuitive and complete. He was, during his entire legislative career in the State, a marvel in this respect to his associates. His grasp of public affairs and policies was broad, strong, and accurate. As a parliamentarian he was of great skill, and as a presiding officer he excelled. In no sense an orator, he was, what is of more value in the service of the people, a good debater, keen, incisive, fertile in resources, and quick at repartee.

His memory was strong and retentive, and while he was not a student, somehow he was always ready, and well ready, to meet every call which duty made upon him.

He was independent and proud-spirited; not obstinate, but firm. When he had decided what he ought to do no persuasion nor influence nor threat nor charm could swerve him a hair's breadth from the line he had marked out.

His integrity as a man and as a public servant was above suspicion.

Of fine presence, he was a delightful companion, cheery, hospitable, and full of generous impulses, but possessing withal a quiet dignity which never for a moment left him. From the early days of his Wisconsin life to the end he was known among the people as "Joe" Rankin, and went by no other name. This popular familiarity was in no sense a belittling of him. It was simply a tribute to the qualities which compelled the respect and friendship of men, and it outlived him, for to-day, though "he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," the old, familiar name is tenderly spoken from one end of the State to the other.

I never knew a man who would do more with alacrity and delight to serve a friend, nor one more loyal and steadfast in his friendship. He was not effusive or demonstrative, but his friendship needed no nursing. Absence did not change it. Adversity only strengthened it.

He was tender as well as brave. He would fight his way with sturdy blows through a score of men to avert an outrage or to right a wrong; yet the sobbing, half-clad stranger child upon the city street found him always a ready listener and a ready helper.

He was, too, essentially a modest man. Turn to the Congressional Directory and you will find descriptive of his Army record and service only these seven words: "Served in the Union Army three years."

This was quite characteristic of the man. I venture to say that no one ever heard from him of any good deed he had done, although in his life there was abundance of good deeds and unobtrusive, unheralded charities.

By a kindly law of our humanity the voice of criticism is hushed at

the new-made grave. But RANKIN'S life has left no stress upon his friends to invoke for his name and fame this protection, for while this strong man had, of course, his faults and weaknesses, they were forgotten even before he died, and were not such as, if remembered, would stand, unforgiven of men, against him.

He was a Democrat always, and a leader in his party, potential, as a leader should be, in its councils. At one time he was chairman of its State central committee and directed and led the party forces. As a party manager he was wary, devoted, tireless, and able. However hopeless the contest, he always contrived to compel the respect and attention of his adversaries and to give them great trouble and anxiety. While he never lost sight of the party flag nor allowed his troops to straggle, his warfare was honorable and his methods reputable.

He loved the truth and hated falsehood. The man whose word was not good in politics was to him unworthy of confidence in business. The "campaign lie" had no place in his armory of party weapons. Slander he though the weapon of the coward. He could not tolerate even in the heat of a political battle—

> Low-breathed talkers, minion lispers,
> Cutting honest throats by whispers.

Once I knew him, in a summary way and in a close campaign, to stamp out with indignation well worthy of his manliness a slander which, while it was helping temporarily his party, was unjustly wounding in heart and home an opponent who was his bitter personal enemy.

He was pitiless in his detestation of pretense and hypocrisy, and a sham reformer of either party found in him an unrelenting foe.

With him politics never entered the domain of friendship as a disturber. I have heard him often quote with great delight the beautiful words of Garfield at Columbus, upon his election to the Senate, words day by day so happily illustrated in this Chamber:

> I say, moreover, that the flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world, and where we can early pluck and enjoy their fragrance it is manly and delightful to do so.

And when the committee representing the Congress bore his dead body back to Wisconsin, of the thousands who gathered from far and near to join in the last sad rites about his grave there were no sincerer mourners than those who had fought against him in the vigorous party fights of many years.

Those of us who knew him well confidently expected that with his peculiar talent for legislation he would become, after a little time, conspicuous in the larger field to which the people had called him. But this was not to be. Shortly after the end of the first session of the Forty-eighth Congress he was stricken with a malady slow but sure in its undermining work, and from then there was ever by his side, with almost palpable presence, the angel of death. And well he knew it. This man's character and strength were never better illustrated than by his sickness and death. He seemed to say:

If I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride, and hug it in mine arms.

Calmly he set himself to guard with tender forethought the wife and children from around whom his strong arms were soon to fall forever. With patient skill he gathered together some of the fragments which in the generous days of his strong manhood he had scattered by the way. And when at length his task was done, it was well done.

Then, though he had no hope of life, he would not lay away the harness. Few who hear me knew him, but none I think will soon forget the pathetic story of his last journey to the Capitol. With high resolve, he traveled with wife and children and death from his distant home to take the oath as a member of the Forty-ninth Congress. Once again only he dragged himself to the Capitol, weary and weak, but nerved and inspired by the purpose to serve a friend who had once served him.

Then he awaited the final muster-out. Then this man, who with unflinching courage had faced death upon the field of battle and with the wild music of war ringing in his ears, calmly and as unflinchingly faced him again in the quiet of the sick-room. He sat and watched the lengthening shadows as peacefully as one looks from the window

upon the sunset when the day is done. No murmur of discontent or revolt was heard from his lips. He seemed only intent to force the old-time cheeriness into his wan face, in the hope to lighten the heavy blow to the loved ones who watched about him. Considerate to the end, almost his last word was an injunction to his attendant not to let his dear ones know of the keen pain which he was suffering.

Then when he knew the time was come, that the journey was ended, with passionate love he gathered his remaining strength for the last embrace of wife and children, and in the agony of that parting there came to him—

> The sinless, stirless rest,
> That change which never changes.

He said to me not long before he died, thinking, I believe, that it would be my duty to speak of him in the Senate, "If you ever mention me, talk of me as I am." This, Mr. President, I have done. In a plain way, but with affectionate purpose, I have spoken of him as he was, as I knew him, as my honored colleague knew him, as the people of Wisconsin knew him, and as with tender pain he will be remembered in that State.

Mr. SAWYER. Mr. President, I second the adoption of the resolutions offered by my colleague.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. SAWYER. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate accordingly adjourned.

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